



Slightly



11 6 6

Chapter 1 by Leonard

Journal: Day 1

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Chapter 2 by intellikat



Blog: Day 2

Slightly bored. Slightly anxious. Wask thinks I'm a poop. I'm not a poop.

I've been practicing ellipses...

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They may come in handy one day.

No pigeons...

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Graffiti: Day 3

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Climbed some steps to get a better look of the city. Pigeons seem to occupy the north, while the south remains somewhat

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No sign of Wask. Until nightfall...

Saw him moving among the shadows, his human form mangled from zombification but still recognisable in its lumbering gait.

"Wask is a poop..." I heard him chanting.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



Diary: Day 4

I spent the night on the roof, awake. I waited until Wask was alone, and then I did not hesitate, but took the shot.

.....X

Wask dropped like a sack of muffins. I went down from the roof when I was sure there were no others. This was around dawn. Searching his body, I found a strange tool resembling a spanner, but with an oddly shaped head. I pocketed it.

Headed south now. The metaphor of muffins has made me hungry. Saw an abandoned bakery there a week ago. Will search for croissants.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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